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The Oxford Citizen.

VOLUME XXXII—NUMBER 21

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1923.

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MAN KILLED IN AUTO SPILL

Alfred Baxter, 32, of Oxford was killed and William Heslop injured when a Dodge car owned by Henry Chaplin and driven by Ralph Henderson, in which they were on their way to the South Paris ball grounds Saturday afternoon left the road near the Oxford-Norway line and crashed into a tree. Mr. Baxter was thrown out of the car striking on top of a fence post which penetrated the lower part of his body causing instant death. Mr. Heslop sustained an injury to one arm and hand and was badly bruised. He was taken to the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, where one finger was amputated. His injuries were not of a serious character. Leon Smith one of the ball players who was riding in the car sustained only slight bruises and cuts. Chaplin and Henderson escaped injury.

The accident occurred when Henderson turned out to pass another car on top of a hill and seeing a State highway police officer ahead he applied his brakes but in some way he lost control of the car and it went into the fence. Henderson was held on a charge of manslaughter for the October term of Supreme Court. He furnished bail of \$2,000.

The victim of the accident was the son of John Baxter and besides his father he is survived by a widow and three children.

AUTOS COLLIDE AT NORTH NEWRY

A Ford sedan driven by Earl Cummings of Rumford and a Paige sedan bearing Connecticut number plates came together at the top of schoolhouse hill about a mile above Newry Corner on the Upton road Monday afternoon. Mr. Cummings and his family were going toward Upton and the Paige sedan was coming toward Newry Corner. This hill has a turn at the top and neither driver saw the other until too late to turn out or apply the brakes to any advantage. The road being slippery, both cars were turned around. Mrs. Cummings was badly shaken up and cut by flying glass, and their year old baby was badly cut about the face and head, one cut over the eyes being about six inches long. A passing auto mobile took them to Bethel where they were attended by Dr. Twaddle. Both lost considerable blood but are expected to recover. The driver of the Paige car was cut about the face. Both cars were considerably damaged.

NO. WATERFORD MAN BADLY HURT IN AUTO COLLISION

Charles Gordon of North Waterford and Edith Gordon of Massachusetts were injured Saturday night at nine o'clock when the car in which they were riding was struck by a Stutz driven by Horacio Hamel of Lewiston. The accident happened on the State road near Papoose Pond between No. Waterford and Norway. Mr. Gordon and the Stutz woman were thrown from their car, the former receiving injuries to his back and chest, while the latter escaped with minor bruises. The occupants of the other car were not injured.

Shirley Torrey and his men were advised of the accident and upon arriving on the scene did not see any sign of the Stutz but after a search it was located a short distance away. Near the car they also found 60 gallons of oil, Hamel and his passenger, Mr. Hamel of Westmouth, N. H., were taken into custody by the sheriff. A hearing Monday morning before Judge Jones of Norway, Hamel is held in lieu of two charges, one of tampering with evidence and Federal grand jury, and the other of leaving the scene of an accident without making known his identity. He waived hearing.

FRED J. PHILBROOK

A good neighbor, a sincere friend, a true friend and a true neighbor. The above speaking manner and other qualities made an enviable place in the hearts of friends.

A noble and true friend of home and an appreciation of events and men.

Always interested in school affairs, especially the games and activities, his presence will be missed.

His real enjoyment was his books, his home and mother, to whom his devotion was ideal.

"Let us be patient, we who mourn with weeping, some vanished face."

The Lord has taken, but to all were beauty, and a Divine Grace."

Mrs. Grace Ryan of Bethel, N. H., is assisting at Dr. J. D. Gehring's.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mr. W. J. MacKay of Portland spent the holiday in town.

Miss Maud Martin was the guest of Miss Velma Frank in Norway over Labor Day.

Wendell and Guy Gibbs and Earlyn Wheeler are enjoying this week in camp at Mason.

Mrs. Walter Feargle has some spring pullets that have been laying for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Elma Wheeler is enjoying a vacation from her duties in the home of Dr. J. G. Gehring.

Mrs. E. O. Robertson and two sons have been guests of relatives in Norway the past week.

Miss Maud Cummings has gone to Castine, Me., where she will enter Castine Normal School.

Mrs. R. R. Tibbets and children are spending a few days in Portland the guests of Nellie Ashby.

Master Arthur Gibbs, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gibbs, is confined to his home with the mumps.

Mr. Elmer Dean of Dorchester, Mass., was the week end guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dean.

Mr. Emory Blake of Medford, Mass., was the week end and holiday guest of his father, Charles Blake.

Mr. Richard L. Verrill left Saturday morning for Worcester, Mass., where he is attending Worcester Tech.

Mr. and Mrs. Gotthard Carlson, Mrs. F. B. Tuell and Mr. Charles Tuell visited relatives at Sumner, Thursday.

Miss Phyllis Campbell has finished work at Bethel Inn and is spending a few days in Rumford with relatives.

Miss Georgene M. Faulkner of Chicago, Ill., was the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. R. Chapman, and family last week.

Miss Florence Young, B. N. of Boston was the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Spinner over the week end and holiday.

Mr. G. W. Carlson and family have returned to their home in Milton, Mass., after spending the past week with Mrs. F. B. Tuell.

Miss Marion Frost returned to her school at Keene, N. H., Friday, after spending the summer with her father, Mr. A. C. Frost.

Miss Mariel Boyker of Woodford, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boyker the past two weeks, returned to her home Monday.

Mr. Wm. C. Bryant has installed a Frigidaire cooler in his store. His new meat room is now completed and is very attractive to the new dress.

Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson and son of Wolcott, Mass., have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Baker and other relatives in town.

Mrs. A. E. Herrick, Mrs. Melrose Tuell, and Mr. and Mrs. A. Van Dusen have returned to Bethel after a week's visit at Haverhill, N. H., one day last week.

Matson and William White of Bradford, Mass., who have been spending the summer with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William I. Lee, have returned to their home.

Mr. Eugene Maxwell of Lewiston, Me., was the guest of Mr. Frank Taylor a few days last week, coming here to attend the wedding of the daughter, Edna, to William Vandekerckhoven.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry White of Bethel, Mass., have been spending a few days in town with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William I. Lee, over Labor Day.

Mr. Harold Rich returned to his home in Torrington, Conn., last week after visiting his parents a few days. His little son who has been spending some time with his grandparents returned with him and also his mother, Mrs. Elliot Rich, who will visit them for a short time.

Special Sale of Silk Bloomers, \$1.25. L. M. STEARNS.

(Continued on page 4)

ATTENTION!

Visitors of Bethel:

On Monday, September 13th, we have several questions to answer. One which is of great importance and effect on the citizens of Bethel and vicinity is the Mather Amendment. What is the proposal and what should our attitude toward it be? The Mather bill is a resolution which if carried prohibits the payment of public money to private institutions, be it school, homes for children or hospitals. In other words it would deny to the town of Bethel the right to pay the tuition of its pupils of high school age to Gould Academy for Gould Academy is not a publicly owned institution. Gould Academy, wonderfully equipped by its friends with new buildings—gymnasium, manual training building, recreation field, boys' dormitory, girls' dormitory, etc.—provides a comfortable and safe home for the instruction and protection of young men and young women of Bethel and surrounding towns. The Academy furnishes a home under the supervision of a teacher for the many pupils who must leave home to get high school instruction. Should we vote for a resolution which prohibits its use?

This bill would repeal the statute which gives state aid to those schools providing instruction in Domestic Science and Teacher Training. Gould Academy has received that aid. The training of teachers at Gould Academy has greatly raised the standard of teaching in this section. It has aroused interest in the profession and led many to go further in preparation for that work. This bill, if carried, does away with this aid. Why should we vote for it?

And Gould Academy is only one of fifty-six Academies similarly affected. Those in favor of the bill admit these conditions. But they say some way will be found to adjust matters. Why should we get into a situation for which some way out must be found?

This bill has friends and enemies in the Democratic party. It also has its friends and enemies in the Republican party. Melrose, the Democratic nominee for Governor, opposes it. Governor Brewster favors it. All the Maine college presidents oppose it.

This measure if carried cannot fail to increase the State tax. It must GREATLY increase the taxes of the people of Bethel. Surely taxes are high enough.

Vote "NO" on this question.

We, the undersigned citizens of Bethel, believe the Mather Amendment should not be carried:

D. M. Forbes
Paul L. Edwards
E. M. Walker
Paul C. Thurston
Harry Hastings
Henry H. Hastings
Maud L. Thurston
Edward E. Bennett
Monroe A. Bennett
Sage B. Tuttle
Francis E. Tuttle
F. E. Russell
Tom I. Brown
Alfred E. Herrick
Harold E. Herrick
E. C. Park
Dr. I. H. Wright
L. F. Baber
D. Groves Banks
Monmouth W. Bennett
Alvin B. Bove
Edmund D. Tuttle, M. D.
Lester E. Jones
Kenny Van Dusen
H. H. Thurston
W. F. E. Bennett
and J. Benson

NOTICE

The fall term of Gould Academy will open on Tuesday, Sept. 13th. Pupils having returned to Bethel on Sept. 10th will be permitted to attend on Sept. 11th and 12th. Pupils returning from other places will be permitted to attend on Sept. 13th and 14th.

Mrs. Walter Feargle of Sumner is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Forbes.

Miss Phyllis Campbell of Portland is the week's guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Chapman.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boyker were guests of his father at Mechanic Falls, Monday.

A back touring car driven by three Rebels of Upton struck a covert leader near the town farm Monday afternoon, and before the driver could stop it, it went through a fence and was brought to a stop on top of a rock pile. He was attempting to pass another car and did not notice the leader. No one was injured but the car was damaged considerably.

PROMINENT RUMFORD MAN DEAD

Waldo Pettengill, "Father of Rumford," died Sunday at the Age of Eighty-One Years.

Hon. Waldo Pettengill died at two o'clock Sunday morning at his home on Franklin street. The cause of his death resulted from a growth which developed on the left side of his face about five years ago. He was operated on in Philadelphia following a trip to London in 1922 and was confined to his home about six weeks before his death. Mr. Pettengill was conscious however until four o'clock Saturday afternoon.

The entire family was at his bedside at the time of his death. Mr. Pettengill is survived by his wife, two sons, Oliver and George Pettengill, one daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth P. Green, and five grandchildren, George W. Pettengill, Lawrence and Lewis Pettengill, John A. Green, Jr., and Jane Pettengill. Dr. J. A. Green attended Mr. Pettengill during his illness. The funeral arrangements were made by Meador and Perry. The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon from his late home.

Mr. Pettengill was born in Livermore Falls, Dec. 1, 1841, the son of Oliver and Igda Pettengill. At the age of 10 he with his family moved to East Wilton. Mr. Pettengill was educated in the common schools with the addition of two terms at Farmington Academy and two at Edward Little High School.

Mr. Pettengill's parents settled in Rumford in 1860 and lived on Pine Hill farm which he owned at the time of his death. In December, 1893, he moved to Rumford to his present home on Franklin street. In early life Mr. Pettengill was engaged in teaching school, farming and surveying. He was married on July 1, 1873 to Miss Sarah E. Briggs of Mechanic Falls.

Mr. Pettengill saw the industrial possibilities of Rumford and succeeded in interesting capitalists. He helped organize the power company and played an important part in most of the larger industrial enterprises of the town. He has always been a Republican and has taken an active part in politics as well as business matters in his town.

Mr. Pettengill served as county commissioner for six years and was elected state senator in 1899, a member of the Governor's council in 1903 and 1904 and was elected in 1909 to represent this district in the state legislature. He was also at the head of the State Commission. Active in fraternal circles Mr. Pettengill was a past grand master of the Masonic lodge as well as being a 31st degree Mason. Also a member of Hasting Star Lodge. He was an Odd Fellow in Penacook lodge, Encampment and Metairie lodge No. 80, Knights of Pythias, and has also been grand chancellor of Maine.

Mr. Pettengill has always been an ardent worker and liberal member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He donated to the town, the present clock in the municipal building. He was interested in all kind of large as he owned many farms in addition to his Franklin street residence. He was also interested in the local industries as well as the Maine Central railroad, being one of the early sponsors of the Rumford Falls line of which he was a part of the board.

He was also president and one of the trustees of the Rumford Falls Trust company, and an honorary member of the Rumford Falls Club. For years he has acted as moderator in the annual town meeting and is frequently referred to as the "father of the town."

MRS. ELIA A. BARROWS

Mrs. Elia A. Barrows, wife of Fred Barrows, of North Paris, passed away Saturday at her home in North Paris. She was 70 years of age.

She is survived by two daughters, Elsie, wife of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bryant of Portland, and Mrs. J. H. Bryant of Portland.

The funeral was held from her late home Monday afternoon.

TRAIN SCHEDULE

The new train schedule effective June 24 is as follows:
West bound trains, daily—10:23 A. M.; 7:14 P. M.; 11:15 P. M. Sunday—10:23 A. M.; 11:15 P. M.
East bound trains, daily—4:53 A. M.; 8:03 A. M.; 4:43 P. M. Sunday—4:53 A. M.; 4:43 P. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Goddard are away on a two weeks' vacation.

VERRILL REUNION

Labor Day was set aside by the members of the Verrill family as a day for their first reunion.

The Grange Hall at West Bethel was the place chosen for the event and in spite of the rain fifty-four of the relatives gathered and made merry during the day. They came from Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. They began to arrive at nine o'clock, being received by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Verrill.

The time before dinner was spent in introductions, renewing old acquaintances and sociability.

At noon the West Bethel Ladies' Chapel Aid Society served an excellent dinner, which was very highly commended upon by the reunionists. After dinner a rising vote of thanks was given the ladies for their effort in preparing and serving the meal.

After dinner the meeting was called to order and Alton J. Verrill of East Providence, R. I., a patriotic instructor, gave a very interesting and enjoyable talk. Officers were elected for the year as follows: President, H. M. Verrill, West Bethel; Vice President, Mrs. George Hendrickson, West Paris; Secretary, Miss Lucena Peabody, West Paris; Treasurer, Mrs. Hannah J. Verrill, Bethel. A committee was appointed to prepare the entertainment for the next reunion which will be held on Labor Day at the Grange Hall, West Bethel.

This reunion was made possible by untiring effort put forth by H. M. Verrill of Bethel, Mrs. Rose Perkins of Andover and Mrs. George Hendrickson of West Paris.

Among those from out of town present were Dr. Leon G. Verrill of Rochester, N. H.; Mr. Alton J. Verrill of East Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Maude Wedder of Fairfield, Me.; Ellen Jordan of Lisbon, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Conroy of Mechanic Falls, Me.

WARRANT FOR STATE ELECTION

STATE OF MAINE

County of Oxford, ss. Town of Bethel.

To David M. Forbes, Citizen of the Town of Bethel:

You are hereby required in the name of the State of Maine, to notify and warn the inhabitants of the Town of Bethel qualified to vote, to assemble at Union Hall on the second Monday of September, the same being the thirtieth day of said month, on the seal of our last one thousand nine hundred and twenty six at nine o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to give in their votes for:

Governor, State Auditor, Representatives to Congress, State Senator, County Attorney, Clerk of Courts, Register of Deeds, Sheriff, County Commissioner, County Treasurer, Representatives to the Legislature.

Also to give in their votes upon the following proposed Constitutional Amendments:

"Shall the constitution be amended as proposed by a resolution of the legislature prohibiting the use of public funds for other than public institutions and public purposes?"

The polls will be open at nine o'clock in the forenoon and will be closed at five o'clock in the afternoon. The Selectmen will be in session of Selectmen's office on September 4th and 11th for the purpose of correcting the list of voters.

HEREOF, PAID, NOT and have you there and then this warrant with your charge thereon.

Given under our hands in the Town of Bethel this 29th day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty three.

W. H. THURSTON,
ROBT. D. HASTINGS,
Selectmen of the Town of Bethel.

DAVID M. FORBES,
Clerk.

GRANGE NEWS

BETHEL GRANGE

The members of Bethel Grange held their regular meeting Sept. 2, 1923. It being Ladies' Night the officers were not installed. The officers were: President, Mrs. J. H. Bryant; Vice President, Mrs. J. H. Bryant; Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Bryant; Treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Bryant.

Remarks were made by Mr. Henry Boyker, Mr. Hickford, Percy Deane, Eugene Huxton, Mrs. Gertrude Brown and Miss Decker.

At the close of the meeting refreshments were served in the dining room. Thirty-four members and thirty visitors were present.

Mr. Frank Flint has added a piazza to the front of his home on Main Street.

See car 25 and 56e line of Stationery. L. M. STEARNS.

VANDENKERCKHOVEN—MAXWELL

A very quiet and pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Vandekerckhoven, High Street, Thursday afternoon, Sept. 2, at five o'clock, when William Vandekerckhoven was united in marriage with Miss Leona G. Maxwell of Lynn, Mass.

The rooms were beautifully decorated with asters and gladioli and in the presence of the immediate families of the young couple they plighted their vows. Rev. Charles Easternhouse performed the ceremony, using the double ring service.

The bride wore a gown of white flat crepe with yoke of Irish lace. She carried a bouquet of lavender and white sweet peas.

Mrs. Vandekerckhoven is the daughter of Eugene and the late Mando Taylor Maxwell of Lynn, Mass. She received her education in the public schools of Lynn and is a graduate of Boston University. She has been employed in the translating department of the Christian Science Publishing Co., Boston.

Mr. Vandekerckhoven is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Vandekerckhoven of Bethel. He attended the public schools in the town and is a graduate of Gould Academy, and attended Northeastern University. He is at present employed in the Somerville office of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. stores.

Immediately following the ceremony the young couple left for a trip to Canada. They will make their home at 52 Grant Street, East Lynn, Mass.

YOUNG—LUXTON

A very quiet wedding was solemnized Wednesday evening, Sept. 1st, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Spinnay when Miss Ruth C. Luxton and Mr. Archie L. Young, both of Bethel, were united in marriage by Rev. C. B. Oliver, the impressive double ring service being used. Only members of the two families were present.

The bride wore a gown of pink canton crepe beautifully trimmed with Duchesse lace. She carried a bouquet of pink sweet peas. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Young left by auto for a trip to Canada. Upon their return they will reside, for the present, in Skillington, where the groom has been a valued employee at the Julius P. Skillington Mills for the past ten years.

The wedding plans had been kept very quiet but the secret leaked out at the last moment, and just before the young couple left for Canada they were given an impromptu reception and merry send off by a number of friends and neighbors, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald J. Robinson. They went away in the midst of a shower of confetti and old shoes, affectionately thrown by their many friends, who wish only the best of everything for "Archie and Ruth."

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Luxton of West Bethel. She attended the public schools and Gould Academy for a time and is a member of Pleasant Valley Grange.

The groom is the son of Lewis and the late Mary Young. He is a member of Southbury Lodge K. of P., Bethel Grange, and a graduate of Gould Academy, Class of 1923.

Mrs. Badger and Mrs. Tebbaker of Portsmouth, N. H., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Carter last week.

In our account of the Foster auto accident last week Mr. Foster says that the car was in the ditch and going very slowly when it was struck by the other car. We stated that he was blinded by the lights of the other car.

A wedding in North Paris, Monday, which is of interest to people in this vicinity was that of Harold C. Perkins of West Paris to Mary Matthey of North Paris. Mr. Perkins is quite well known in Bethel and vicinity. He was for a couple of years Scout Executive and had charge of the Boy Scouts in this vicinity.

Monday, September 13th, is election day. Every man and woman of voting age owes it to their County and State to cast their ballots on that day. Polls will be open from nine o'clock in the forenoon to six o'clock in the afternoon.

Besides voting for the regular Republican and Democratic nominees for State and County offices there is the important question of whether or not the people want the Mather Amendment put in the Statutes of Maine. Read the article in this issue on this question.

Special Sale of Silk Bloomers, \$1.25. L. M. STEARNS.

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belonging to any of these
to visit meetings when

ODGE, No. 97, P. & A.
Masonic Hall the second
of every month.
W. M.; Fred B. Mer-

APTER, No. 102, O. E.
Masonic Hall the first
of each month.
H. M.; Mrs. A. Kerckhoven, Sec.

LODGE, No. 31, I. O.
their hall every Fri-
day.
S. Silver, N. G.; D.
retary.

BEKAH LODGE, No. 78,
meets in Odd Fellows
third Monday eve-
month. Mrs. Alice Lit-
Miss Olive Austin,

LODGE, No. 22, K. of
ange Hall the first and
of each month. H. C.
N. G. Machia, K. of

TEMPLE, No. 68,
TERS, meets the sec-
Wednesday evening at
at Grange Hall. Mrs.
M. E. C.; Mrs. H. C.
of R. and C.

ETTS, No. 84, G. A. R.,
meets in Odd Fellows
Thursday of each
tchinson, Command-
ant, Adjutant; L. N.

R. C. No. 36, meets
Hall the second and
evenings of each
little Inman, Presi-
dent; J. M. Harring,
bank, Secretary.

MUNDT POST, No. 1,
LEGION, meets the
Tuesday of each
month. J. M. Harring,
bank, Secretary.

OWARDS CAMP, NO.
meets first and third
month in the L.
Brown, Secretary.

ANGE, No. 56, P. of
hall the first and
evenings of each
month. J. M. Harring,
bank, Secretary.

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Porto Bello Gold

by Arthur D. Howden Smith

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

If Murray's last words were intended to stimulate Flint's cupidly sneer, he succeeded. "How—how much?" he asked, almost fearfully.

"Seven hundred and sixty-three thousand, nine hundred and ninety-five pounds in coin and bullion, without counting a chest of jewels and three chests of plate," replied my great-uncle promptly. "You will note that I have favored our people in the division, allotting to them all in excess of the million and a half pounds the Santissima Trinidad was expected to carry."

A cunning look crept into Flint's face.

"Where's the rest?" he croaked. My great-uncle took snuff.

"Quite safely disposed of, I assure you," he answered.

"Down below?"

"No, it's no longer aboard."

Flint swallowed hard.

"You mean it ain't here? It ain't aboard the James?"

"Precisely, captain."

"Gut me!" roared Flint. "Ye divided it by your lones? W'out a min from the Walrus to stand by and see fair play? I'll not support it, Murray. Curse me if I will! I know your tricks! May I be — for a —"

If any lousy swab of a sea-lawyer politician is a-goin' to cast dust in my eyes. "Would be the very thing you'd do, Murray, to attempt to cozen me into believing seven hundred thousand pounds had been set aside for your friends by throwing in an extra hundred thousand pounds for our division. 'Friends!' By thunder, the only friend ye know is yourself, ye dried-up wisp of a —"

"That will do," said my great-uncle in his still, level voice.

Flint opened and shut his mouth rapidly without a sound issuing forth.

"I bar personalities, captain," warned my great-uncle relative.

One hand barely touched his sword-hilt.

"I trust there will be no occasion for me to repeat the warning," he remarked.

Flint's baffled rage was toxic to behold.

"Aye, you and your fine gentleman ways!" he choked. "I know ye! Gut me if I'll support it to be avoided thus. A woman and strangers aboard! And eight hundred thousand pounds missing! 'Safely disposed of,' says you! I'll warrant, safe where you can collar it any time you please. I knowed it as soon as I marked the flutter of a petticoat. A woman and gold —"

Long John Silver swung himself up on to the poop from the head of the port ladder and stamped toward us.

"I hopes as how ye'll overlook my boldness, Cap'n Murray, but I h'n' a word to speak to Cap'n Flint—fo'sle council, sir."

My great-uncle took another pinch of snuff.

"Ah, yes," he observed dryly. "I recall that about the Walrus the fo'sle council must be heard. I trust that you can instill some common sense into your captain's head. He hath need of it, Silver."

Flint glared, but Silver snatched whatever reply he intended out of his mouth.

"Thank ye, sir. You just let me an' Cap'n Flint ha' a word in private, and maybe we'll see a way out o' this tangle."

"Suff yourself," said my great-uncle with a shrug.

Silver pulled his forelock, and his large face lighted up as if a considerable favor had been conferred.

"We won't be no time at all, sir. Thank 'ee kindly."

He put his free hand under Flint's elbow, and I marveled to see the ease with which he was able to bend his captain to his will. Acustomed as I was to Murray's autocratic discipline, it was a revelation to establish contact again with the free and easy spirit of the Walrus, where any man might become commander if he was able to master a majority of the fo'sle to raise cutlasses in his behalf. Flint obediently followed his quartermaster to the starboard side of the poop, and there they laid their heads close and colloquied for a quarter-glass. Silver at first arguing and Flint resisting him.

"Silver is no man to let hard on four hundred thousand pounds slip through his hands," I said.

"And maybe he says not to let eight hundred thousand pounds get away, neither," commented Peter.

"Ja, I lik so."

"You ate more like to be right than wrong, friend Peter. Of all the Walrus people he hath the most acute intelligence. A choice knave!"

Colonel O'Donnell stalked back to us from the extremity of the stern with Moira on his arm.

"I'd ye put a flea in the rascal's ear, Murray?" he demanded. "By the Mass, I never thought to hear ye tolerate such impudence on your own deck."

"I am no man for quarreling with-out an adequate and in sight," returned my great-uncle. "Never threaten, unless you must, chevalier, and then smite with a sure aim."

"Words!" growled the Irishman.

"The time we had a little action."

Moira disengaged herself from her father and came to stand between Peter and me.

"Ree, Bob! There's the red-headed boy still be making signals to you on the tarbo'-' ladder!"

Darby McGraw's flaming top-knot projected just far enough above the level of the deck to show his eyes and a hand that jerked mysteriously at me.

"Come up, Darby," I invited him. But he shook his head vigorously, so I crossed to his side.

"What is ailing you?" I asked.

"Sorra a trouble in the whole of creation," he returned in his rich brogue. "But I'd walk my two feet over the galley-stove as soon as stand so near the old devil as yourself, Master Bob."

"He's no more to be feared than Flint," I answered, laughing.

"Ah, there's little ye know to be saying a thing like that!" exclaimed Darby. "With Flint 'tis a blow and a curse and 'take it or leave it'! But him! He'd put the evil eye on the lot of us if he notion but came into the head of him."

"I'd rather be his friend than his enemy," I admitted. "Do they fear him so aboard the Walrus?"

Darby squinted sideways at me.

"Whiles they fear him. And then again when the rum is flowing—But I'll be saying what maybe I'll be sorry for later. I see ye found the elegant young maul that went to the Whale's Head with ye. My faith, ain't she the pretty creature! Will she be a pirate, too?"

"No more than Peter and me."

"Do ye tell me that same! And ye took her along with the treasure, the lads do be saying below. That was the grand haul! But they say, too, a good half of it ye buried on that Island Long John do be always slinging about."

"So you have heard that?" I cried.

"Troth, yes. They was telling Long John and me before he come up to speak with Cap'n Flint. God save us, who'd think there was so much money in the world? But here come John and the cap'n now. I'd better be skipping."

He slid down the ladder as he spoke, and I rejoined the group about my great-uncle. Flint strode across the deck, his face like a thunder-cloud. Silver, at his elbow, exhibited a countenance wreathed in smiles.

"We'll divide what's below," said Flint abruptly.

"I rejoice that you have come to your senses," replied Murray.

Silver spoke up.

"He's a main jealous cap'n, Cap'n Flint is, sir. Allus has a lookout for the interests of his crew. A kind o' garden for us, ye might say. But we're all mighty beholden to yourself for counting in the Walrus same as the James; and speaking on behalf o' the Walrus, I make bold to say as we won't forget it, Cap'n Murray, sir."

My great-uncle listened to this with the shadow of a smile on his face.

"I thank you, Silver," he acknowledged blandly. "I was confident you would appreciate the situation. Will you divide at once, Flint?"

Flint growled in his throat, then mastered his temper by a substantial effort.

"We'll appoint the usual committee o' six to check over with your men, Murray," he rasped. "I'll send my boats to shift our portion."

And he turned on his heel. John Silver stamped off to the ladder and hopped lightly down to the maindeck after his commander.

CHAPTER XIII

Treachery

The candles burned with a steady spear-shaped flame, undeviating, motionless, so that the shadows were cast upon the paneling of the cabin walls in solid blocks like streaks of a darker coloring in the polished wood-work. The air was so still that we could hear the sea-birds calling down about the rudder, the splash of a fish, the patter of the feet of the watch.

My great-uncle, for want of other diversion, had undertaken to teach Peter to play chess, with some natural advice and comment from the Irishman; and to my amusement—as likewise to Murray's, I must admit—Peter proved himself a most redoubtable tyro, and once he had been showed in the rudiments presented a shrewd defensive gambit.

"Check at last!" exclaimed my relative, sinking back in his chair—of the four of us, he alone wore coat and stock and still contriving to maintain an air of cool well-being in that humid atmosphere. "You pushed me, Peter. Stop me, but you did! I'd not like to match my game with yours six months from now. Had you developed your queen's knight eight moves back—"

But 'tis futile to argue concerning what might have been. As we seek to prognosticate the future of our own lives."

Peter giggled and muttered that he was no good, need.

"I would we might say, 'Check!' in this weary cell we are caught in," growled O'Donnell. "I see not that we are any farther forward with your confederate yonder."

He waved his hand out of the stern window.

"They carried away their four hundred thousand pounds, but every man of them was as glad in the face as though 'twas so many badens instead of a prince's ransom. St. Patrick! When I think of what four hundred

thousand pounds would do with the English parliamentmen that will be selling their souls to whoever bids them the highest!"

"We have paid a price, chevalier," returned my great-uncle. "If we receive what we purchased, well and good. If not—"

He spread out his hands in deprecation.

"I am bound to concede, however, that I do not augur the best from what little information we have to go upon. Have you noted, gentlemen, that still as is the night, we hear no sounds of carousing aboard the Walrus?"

"Was true, and had been true since the last boatload of treasure was transferred to Flint's ship shortly after dusk."

"You think he will fight then?" I asked from my seat under the stern windows, whence I could see the lights of the Walrus, dimly yellow in the thick, velvety, tropic darkness.

"I hope he will fight, my dear nephew," my great-uncle corrected me. "I fear Captain Flint has out-lived his usefulness to me, and if my fears are well founded the sooner we can smash him the better I shall be pleased. But I make it a rule never to think on the possibilities of the future. Rather I prepare for whatever eventualities may arise and let it go at that."

"And are ye prepared tonight for treachery if this fellow Flint will be turning upon ye?" demanded O'Donnell.

Murray indulged himself with a pinch of snuff.

"Within reason, chevalier. We have a strict watch, and the battery hath been cast loose and provided."

He slid down the ladder as he spoke, and I rejoined the group about my great-uncle. Flint strode across the deck, his face like a thunder-cloud. Silver, at his elbow, exhibited a countenance wreathed in smiles.

"We'll divide what's below," said Flint abruptly.

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And he turned on his heel. John Silver stamped off to the ladder and hopped lightly down to the maindeck after his commander.

"But Here Comes John and the Cap'n Now. I'd Better Be Skipping!"

More I cannot do. The one advantage which Flint possesses is that I must wait upon whatever line of conduct he devises or his crew dictate to him."

The Irishman downed a goblet of brandy in a single gulp.

"Bah!" he cried. "Tis easy enough for you to be talking the like of that! But I am thinking we'd maybe better choose the now whether we'll push the fighting to Flint or pass out to sea."

My great-uncle shook his head.

"That would be poor tactics, either way. A fight means loss of life and ship damage, and if it can be avoided without loss we are by so much the gainer. Also, the seas are dangerous for us, as you should know, chevalier—and for another reason. Morrin agrees with me the weather is working up for a violent storm."

"St. Patrick aid us!" protested O'Donnell. "I'm not able at all to make out how ye stand, Murray, and that's the naked truth. One moment you're crying for a fight with Flint, and the next you say to avoid it, if that can be managed."

"Quite true, chevalier," assented my great-uncle calmly. "And I fail to see that my position is a false one. I prefer not to force the issue. My policy is summed up in that."

"But you don't know what der Walrus will do, dat's der trouble," said Peter, looking up from the chessmen with which he had been toying on the table-top.

"And that I have admitted, friend Peter," answered Murray.

"One night Bob and me swam in der water from der Walrus to der James," pursued Peter as if my great-uncle had not spoken. "Maybe ze could do dat again, ja."

"He!" cried O'Donnell, smiling the while with his fist. "The very thing!"

But my great-uncle sat unmoved.

"It could be done," I exclaimed.

"And none besides ourselves have knowledge of it."

Murray's wonderful, tawny eyes settled upon my face.

"Aye, it could be done," he agreed.

"But there is danger, lad. 'Tis a still night. You can hear the fish leap!"

"And Flint's people keep a slovenly watch," I replied. "But Peter and I are good swimmers. We'll not make a sound."

Peter commenced to blow out the candles.

"Ja," he said. "Me. I don't like

der water when it makes waves, but quiet it is nice."

My great-uncle smiled in the dwindling light.

"I should be a hypocrite as well as a fool, did I refuse your offer, gentlemen," he said. "Tis not only our own lives are at stake, but Mistress Moira's too."

A groan came from O'Donnell.

"Ah, didn't I tell ye the way we would be left to the mercy of your outthrusts and latch-drawers, Murray? And now 'tis yourself must admit it! A sorry business it is, and I wish to God I'd never heard your name or gone forth of Spain."

Murray himself blew out the last candle.

"Well, well, chevalier," he answered a little tartly. "Forth of Spain you went, and aboard the Royal James you are, and the one hope of life you have is that you stay aboard the Royal James—and this is saying naught of the obligations we owe to your friends on the other side."

Peter's great bulk glided by us. "I go get a rope," he squeaked.

"A rope!" hiccuped O'Donnell. "And ze don't end in the nose of a rope, we'll likely be walking the plank. I care little for myself. I'll have seen my life and had my fling. But it was an ill day, Murray, you prevailed on me to fetch Moira along. I can't think what was in your mind—a young maul in a pirate hold! Tis wicked past belief."

"Tut, tut," remonstrated my great-uncle. "My reasons were of the best, and have been vindicated by events. But here is Peter. You found the rope?"

"Ja," answered Peter, and knotted an end around a leg of the table as I had done the night of our surreptitious entry.

O'Donnell sought police in a glass of brandy. Murray assisted Peter and me to undress, and accompanied us to the stern windows.

"No needless risks, remember," he whispered as I crawled over the sill. "And above all, avoid discovery. Better leave nothing than be found out."

I had wrapped my ankles around the pendant rope and was prepared for a cautious slide into the water when a faint chuckle escaped him.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I was but thinking what a sturdy pirate you are become."

He withdrew his head before I could answer, and I dropped into the tepid water, with care that there should be no splash. An instant later Peter was beside me, and we began to swim with long, slow strokes in the direction of the Walrus, so im palpable was the texture of that breathless night. There was not even a star in the sky—and the sky itself was invisible.

The hull of the pirate ship did not take shape until we were under the sheer of the stern. A single, guttering lantern seemed to burn in the main cabin, which was tenanted, and we paralleled the starboard side, attracted by a hum of voices forward.

Peter's hand on my shoulder detained me as we swam beneath the heel of the bowsprit.

"Here you climb up," he breathed in my ear. "They are all on her deck. I lik dey smoke der pipe in council, ja."

I trod water, and explored with both arms above my head.

"There's no rope within reach," I told him.

"Do it all right. I lift you."

He was clutching the cutwater with both hands and bracing his feet against the swell of the bow.

"Come on," he urged. "Up on to my shoulders. I hold you, ja."

"But if we splash?"

"We don't splash. You go oop; I go down under der water. Toot's all!"

I forced myself of him and gingerly climbed his immense shoulders, using a grip on his hair for balance. Then I reached overhead again, and this time got my hands upon a stay of the bowsprit which ran from mid-way of the spar to a turnbuckle on the bow.

In the animal family and the vegetable family as well."

While he was talking thus, an apple fell from the high tree and hit him on his nose.

He realized his mistake immediately and with eyes raised upward he said, "I thank God that it was an apple and not a watermelon, which might have smashed my nose."—Complete Novel Magazine.

Check on Oratory

At a recent conference a novel plan was adopted for restricting the length of speeches according to their interest.

Each of the delegates was armed with a large card, red on one side, white on the other. After each speech had been going for some minutes delegates would begin to hold up their cards, red side toward the chairman. This was a sign that they were bored with the speech. Others who wished to hear more would turn the white side toward the chairman, who was thus able to see at a glance whether the audience wanted the speech to continue or not.

When the number of red cards exceeded the number of white cards he would tactfully intimate to the speaker that time was up.

Bodies and Minds

Many things have been said, and very well understood, on the subject in which we should preserve our bodies to the government of our under standing; but enough has not been said upon the restraint which our bodily necessities ought to lay on the extravagant subtleties and eccentric ravings of our minds.—Edmund Burke.

"Steady," I whispered. "I'm going to jump."

"Ja!"

I threw my legs upward and twined them around the stay hanging like a monkey from it, and Peter went under with a gurgling ripple which might have been made by a fish. Presently he came to the surface and swam beneath me.

"Can you climb, Bob?"

"I think so."

"Good! I wald."

The stay was fortunately dry—had it been slippery-wet I could never have swarmed it—and I was able, after much effort, to secure a grip on the bowsprit and lift myself astraddle of it. I worked down the bowsprit to the lift of the bows; but still I could see nothing, even on the fo'sle. 'Twas plain, however, that there was no watch to fear, and I dropped to the deck and crawled aft on my hands and knees toward the hum of talk, which I made certain now came from the west.

The fo'sle was littered with spare cables, water-casks and other sailor's truck, which I had to avoid displacing; but I had my reward, for as I advanced the hum of voices dissolved into words and phrases.

"—a fox 'un, Murray is," said a seaman's voice.

THREE HOURS' WORK A DAY

By LUCILE WARRINGTON

(By W. G. Chapman.)

"HOW do we schedule, Mark?" "Half a meal ticket, lodgings paid up to Saturday night, cash, one penny."

"Very good," said Vance Byford, with a somewhat of a serious face, how-
"Give me the penny."
"Going to make an investment?"

"Yes."
"What in?" queried Mark Early, whimsically. "Central preferred or Highland debentures?"

"Neither. I'm going to buy a newspaper and see if there are any what-its-to change our luck."

Dubious luck it was, for a fact. Here were two bright fellows who had come to the big city to make their fortunes. They had filled in several brief positions, had run the gamut of experience from shipping clerks to members of a "movie" group. Now they were stranded completely.

Mark hoped, and both energetic in fighting the fate of leisure and insolvency that had nearly overcome them like an armored man.

"Hello!" ejaculated Vance suddenly, and with some satisfaction, scanning the "Help Wanted" column of the newspaper he had bought.

"What now?" queried Mark.

"Listen," and Vance proceeded to read: "Wanted—A presentable, active young man of some imagination and good facial expression. Liberal compensation. Mrs. A., 537 Hawthorn terrace."

"Well, I vum!" exclaimed Mark. "Now what in the world does that mean? What has presentableness, imagination and facial expression to signify in an every-day, practical job?"

"It's odd enough to deserve attention," said Vance, seriously. "A woman, too. Can it be a model she wants?"

"I should say an actor," suggested Mark.

"Well, I shall try for the position," announced Vance.

"You will?" challenged Mark, somewhat dubiously.

"Why not?"

"It says 'presentable'!" and Mark Early shook his head gloomily, as he held up and down his companion, whose attire, while well fitting, bore the threadbare marks of long usage.

"Oh, I'll fix that all right!" declared Vance lightly. "I've saved turning this last clean collar I've got on for just this occasion. I'll retire beyond these bushes in the park yonder, make my toilet and give things a try. Meet me at the lodging house tonight and report success."

"Our failure," supplemented Mark, and went his way, himself scanning the newspaper now.

The Hawthorn terrace address proved to be a fine mansion set in a gardeny nest of greenery and flowers. Vance adopted his best bearing. He had handsome features and a well-combed form to recommend him to the housemaid, who showed him into a little room of a reception room, saying she would take word to "Mrs. Arlington."

At once, Vance appropriated a easy chair and took in the warmth and comfort of the room luxuriously. He reminded him of home. He arose to inspect a little bijou of a water cooler on the wall. He strolled about the apartment, taking in the richness and taste of the hangings. He ran a nervous eye over a well-selected shelf of books. Then a drapery parted and in, active, nervous lady of perhaps fifty faced him with keen eyes and a quick smile.

"You came about the advertisement," she spoke rapidly. "Well, I think you will do," began Vance, startled at this speedy decision.

"Oh, I have been watching you, and I am sure you will suit. You know how to walk and gesture, and I can see possibilities of expression in your eyes. I shall need your services from now to twelve each day. The compensation will be fifty dollars a week."

Vance gave a gasp. "First, I will introduce you to my maid, my adopted daughter, Rilla," and she balled loudly.

Vance felt as though he had stumbled across some scene of enchantment. Fifty dollars a week? Three hours' work a day! A fellow worker, he "Rilla!" And then "Rilla" came into the room. She seemed to bring with her the radiance of a rare beauty, an atmosphere of roses, smiles and those commingled, his senses dizzied as he looked upon this vision of love.

Two were to be his special companions," explained Mrs. Arlington, as Vance grew awkward and the young lady blushed, as they were to be dressed after Vance had murmured his name. "You see, Mr. Byford, I am an authoress. They call me the Impresario type. I am well grounded in theories and the plot quantity, but deficient as to details. I first thought of employing an actor and actress, but they would be rather naturalness is what I want. For instance: I am now at the fourth chapter of a novel where the young broker finds himself ruined, comes to his room to be alone, and spends an unhappy hour deciding what he should do. You need not speak. Just move about and act out what you would do under these circumstances. You can be seated, Rilla. You are to appear

later as his sister endeavoring to drive away the desperate thoughts that come into his mind."

"Oh, excellent! excellent!" went on the speaker a few moments later, as Vance began his unique role. "He snatched close the draperies like a bolt at last at bay. A fine line! 'He sat pondering deeply at his desk, anon casting a desolate glance at its rich surroundings, his no more! I knew you would do. I am truly fortunate!'"

Within a few days Vance was in rapport with his peculiar position. Then the experience grew more interesting. Rilla had her part in the pantomime of suggestion, alone and in conjunction with Vance. There were some vivid love scenes to depict. They became all too real to Vance Byford. The prosperous times had brought a vast change in his appearance. He was able now to dress well. He looked at his best and Rilla was interested in him.

One evening he met his friend Mark, who had also found work, just outside the Arlington grounds. They halted near the vine-covered wall, little dreaming that Rilla on the other side was an auditor.

"Why so gloomy, Vance?" inquired Mark, noting the downcast demeanor of his friend.

Then Vance told his troubles. He was going to give up his position. And wherefore? Rilla. Every time in their play acting when their hands met, Vance confessed to a fervent unrestrained impulse to clasp her in his arms and confess his undying love.

It was the next morning when Vance and Rilla sat awaiting promptings as to some scene from Mrs. Arlington. Something new in the eyes of Rilla attracted Vance. His hand stole toward her own, her eyes met his.

"Excellent! Maintain that, please," spoke the authoress, her pen travelling rapidly. "Oh, indeed?"

She sat up rigid, staring with censorious eyes at the twain. Their attitude showed not acting, but real love.

"I think that we will end your services, Mr. Byford," she said, icily, but after he had gone gloomily from the house Rilla sobbed, brokenly:

"It was not play acting, mamma—I love him and I shall die if he goes away!"

So, to "save the life" of her cherished darling, Mrs. Arlington relented.

Communist Colony in Louisiana a Failure

Decaying cabins, the remnants of what once was a thriving communist utopia, may be seen today six miles north of Minden, La. The decrepit houses squat in a little group on a slight incline, rubbing elbows in communist amiableness. No one lives in them, but on the crest of the hill is the home of C. P. Krotz, a wiry little man with faraway eyes and guttural voice. In the right mood, he will tell the story of Germantown.

In 1930 there lived in the duchy of Darmstadt a count, Maximilian de Leon, and a beautiful girl who possessed more wealth than anyone else in all Hesse. But the girl was not of the aristocracy and when the two married the families of blood frowned.

The count, stung by the ostracism that followed, selected 300 German Socialists determined to set up a caste-free utopia. They went first to Pennsylvania and later to Louisiana, establishing a colony at Tronton on the River.

The spring rains sent their houses into the river and swamp fever broke out, so that the colonists moved to the land near what is now Minden, buying the tract for 12½ cents an acre. The count never saw his dreams fulfilled, for he fell victim to fever, but Germantown prospered for a time. Then further attacks of fever reduced the population and finally the settlement was abandoned. Now New York Sun.

Mosquito Bites Costly

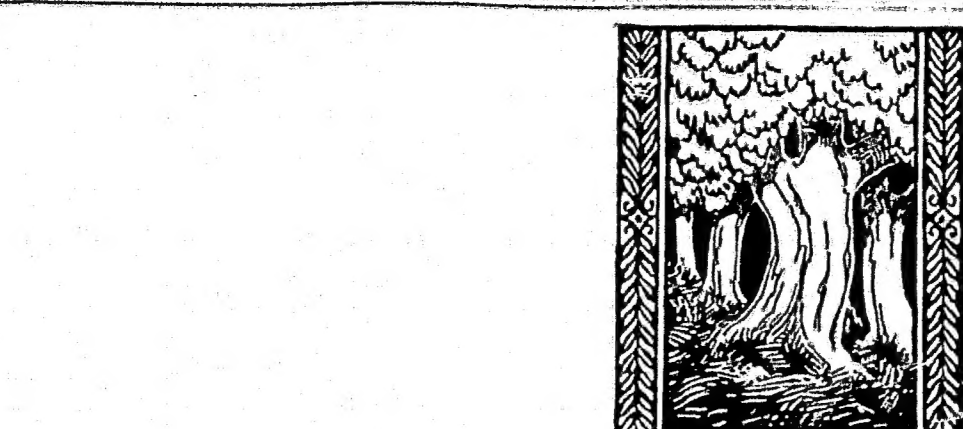
In your household budget, along with the items of grocery and butcher bills, have you figured on the summer expense of mosquito bites? Statisticians who have been following the chain of the buzzing pests, says the Popular Science Monthly, tell us now that every man, woman and child of us paid, on the average, the sum of 91 cents last year just for the privilege of being bitten. The national mosquito bite bill was \$100,000,000. This sum represents the damage done by malaria mosquitoes in bringing on some 3,000,000 cases of chills and fever.

New Electric Fan Idea

An electric fan in which the armature, or rotating coil, is replaced by a simple piece of rock. Is the novel device recently exhibited before the Royal Society in London. The rock was a piece of magnetic mineral called pyrrhotite, which when placed in the field of the magnet rapidly revolves. When loose powders of pyrrhotite were placed in such a field the particles revolved in a direction opposite to that taken by solid particles of the material because of a rolling action on the part of the particles themselves.

Italy's Population Dense

Italy has one of the densest rates of population in all Europe. It is surpassed only by Great Britain and Belgium. It is calculated to be 40,000,000 at this time and each year about 1,000,000 Italians leave Italy to seek their homes elsewhere. These emigrants travel two lanes, one to America and one to central western Europe. Many of them, after having saved their earnings, return to live in comfort in Italy in their declining years.



WHY DENY YOURSELF THE BEST IN MOTOR CAR BODIES

The finest of the new cars in all price classes have now been announced—Cadillac, Buick, Chevrolet, Oakland, Oldsmobile and Pontiac.

All offer vastly greater values than ever before in motor car history.

All register amazing advantages in performance and ease and economy of operation.

But the greatest factor of their new glory is described in a single phrase—Body by Fisher.

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Here are exclusive conveniences and niceties which do, indeed, make the car with Body by Fisher superior in its class.

No matter what mechanical developments may allure you, it is the body of your car with which you live most intimately—that is why the General Motors units, makers of the best of the new cars in all price classes, point so proudly to the emblem—Body by Fisher.

With the finest of the market to choose from there is no reason why you should deny yourself the greater safety, beauty and comfort which only a Body by Fisher can give.

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



Sound Waves

The bureau of standards says there are two methods by which sound waves may be neutralized, namely, by interference two waves are combined in such a way as to produce silence. It is necessary in doing this to have both sources of sound coupled in some way. This method, however, could not be used to neutralize a sound the source of which is not under control. The other method of neutralizing sound waves, by absorption, is simple. A question of interposing suitable screens of sound absorbing material. Hair felt is the best sound deadener so far discovered.

Just a Boy

First Father. Baby was dressed. Second Father. No. The pants were rotten.

Their Favorite Selections

Question: What are these girls doing? Answer: Outside reading.

TEENIE WEENIES BUILD SUMMER HOME IN WOODS

This gigantic pickle barrel at Grand Sable Lake, Mich., is the summer home of WILLIAM BOWSER, creator of the Teenie Weenie. Reid, Murdoch & Co. are the sole distributors of the genuine Teenie Weenie Food Products.

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MONARCH COFFEE and COCOA

COFFEE
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"BAYER ASPIRIN" PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told in "Bayer" Package

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Does not affect the Heart

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty five years for

Colds Headache
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Toothache Rheumatism
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 25 and 100

Gigantic Chicago Sign

The largest projecting electric sign in the world has been installed on a Chicago theater. Electricity sufficient for a town of 3,000 persons is required to light it.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher* Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Come to Laconia THE CITY ON THE LAKE!

The opportunity of a lifetime: Corner store connected with ten room residence; modern improvements, roomy lot; near state road and public wharf on lake; thickly settled neighborhood and no other store near. I also have desirable homes, building lots, camps and shore property at interesting prices.

CHAS. J. AUSTIN, Agent
42 Gifford Avenue, Laconia, N. H.

A Tremendous Summer Bill—The Roo Vicer (cap 14) by mail anywhere sent 25¢ and cap also 15¢. *Thurston, Paris, VI.*

WILD DUCKS AND GEES

We Specialize in Ducks for Sportsmen and also in Geese. We have a large stock of ducks and geese for sale. We are also a large stock of ducks and geese for sale. We are also a large stock of ducks and geese for sale.

FREE! FREE! FREE! Boys—Girls—Grownups

Send names and addresses of five radio experts. We will send FREE! beautiful and useful Radio Fan. Send for it at once. It is a cover picture, etc.

THE AR-MAR CO.
122 Chestnut St. Springfield, Mass.

Agents: Make Money Selling Hiram, across the country. We have a large stock of Hiram and we are a large stock of Hiram and we are a large stock of Hiram.

Earn Money During Spare Hours

by taking orders for meals and work. We have a large stock of meals and work. We have a large stock of meals and work. We have a large stock of meals and work.

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Flapper Man's Hot Air Cards

are better than a check. Hurray! Flapper Man's Hot Air Cards are better than a check. Hurray! Flapper Man's Hot Air Cards are better than a check.

W. H. U., BOSTON, NO. 37-1924.

MASON

Guests at Ell Grover's Sunday. August 22 were Mr. Chauncy Grover and Mr. Fred Paulsick of Springfield, Mr. Eldon Grover and Mr. Harry Churchill of Haverhill, Mr. A. M. Gony, Mr. and

Mr. and Mrs. Harry and baby and Misses Ava, Ava and Lulu Gage of West Chester.

Mr. Lawrence Graver and family are stopping at their camp in town.

Mr. Harry Graver and family from Rockford, N. J., spent a few days at Lawrence Graver's camp last week.

New Fall Hotel at L. M. STEARNS.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Graver and baby

Mr Alfred Merrill and Miss Margaret (Toagh) motored to Colebrook and Canaan one day recently.

Miss Verna Grover was given a surprise party on her eighth birthday, Aug. 6, by her friend, Miss Frances Morrill.

EAST BETHEL
Mrs. Elsie Heider of Springfield, Mass., was a recent guest of Mrs. E. B.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Pierce of Norway
and Miss Ella Bartlett of Litchfield.

W. B. Bartlett,
School Supplies at L. M. STEARNS'.
Mrs. S. E. Rich and daughter, Miss

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith and son

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Bartlett, Mr.

A. Trask, Mrs Edith Trask and several other parties attended Sherbrouke, Canada, the past week, camping

Mr. Ceylon Kimball and family and
Mrs. Percy Allen and

after Neich and visited many places of interest.

GOODS

GOODS..

Hats in all
STYLES

in all the wanted colors
Sill. Pl.

in Silk Bloomers
Y, 1.25
for Cane Work

for Gym Work

Days
and Wool Hose

and Aprons 25 1.50

plies

earns



County Fair

, 24, 1926

THREE NIGHTS

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them. The list includes names such as "John A. Smith", "John B. Smith", "John C. Smith", "John D. Smith", "John E. Smith", "John F. Smith", "John G. Smith", "John H. Smith", "John I. Smith", "John J. Smith", "John K. Smith", "John L. Smith", "John M. Smith", "John N. Smith", "John O. Smith", "John P. Smith", "John Q. Smith", "John R. Smith", "John S. Smith", "John T. Smith", "John U. Smith", "John V. Smith", "John W. Smith", "John X. Smith", "John Y. Smith", and "John Z. Smith".

in New England

by Worth & Hamel of

1. A list of all the names of the
 2. of the State. First Name

... ..

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 Chicago, Ill.

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Stand 50c. Reserved
Eve, 35c. Grand Stand

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Have Reservations made for Entering Sept. 13.

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VOLUME X.

E

Brewster Re-Elected
Ingham Election
County. Walter
Congress from

Monday's election number of votes throughout the State of two years. The Republic was cut from 1900 this year.
The biggest at Bethel was the Democratic for McLean leading and Frothingham votes, the first Democratic tickets In the contest H. Frothingham by about 700 votes Frank A. Brewster defeated Maud L. for the office of Legislature.
The Maher Act defeated by being approximately turned this amount

Representative From
The only vote able to make out natives to the Legislature No. 73 which is

Bethel Albany Greenwood Gilfed Mason Newry Upton Magalloway Pl. Lincoln Pl. Milton Pl. Andover Hyron

Totals,
In the district Hanover and Boston (R) of Rumford for D. Woodruff 1108; Alvah J. McKim 1221; Richmond Rumford had 153 these towns and to decide between In the district Oxford, Stanley Park defeated Gifford, the form the latter 459.
Pease and Wadsworth (R) of Mexico Small City of Mexico votes and Smithtown R. McIntire will represent the Waterville, Standen Water. He had 760 Arthur Threlkeld 763 votes.
John K. Forbes seated Willie V. I near the vote held along the Highway Some of Randolph James, Randolph Jacob C. Peniston represented the town Hammond, Pease Park He was opposed by E. B. Hartman Charles T. Spencer

Governor and

Albany 43
Andover 49
Barnet 14
Brownfield 16
Brookfield 34
Dyer 10
Easton 12
Denmark 12
Deerfield 29
Fryeburg 24
Greene 21

(Continued)